CHEAP TRACTS, No IV.

NARRATIVE

OF THE BATTLE OF

BOTHWELL BRIDGE,

Fought on the 22d. of June, 1679,

Between the King's troops and the Covenanters.

BY THE

LAIRD OF TORFOOT,

An Officer in the Presbyterian Army.

NEWTON-STEWA

Published and Sold Whole
by J. M'N

Battle of Bothwell Bridge.

"*Heu!* victa jacet pietas."

* * * After the ranks of the patriotic whigs were broken by overwhelming forces, and while Dalzell and Clavers swept the south and west of Scotland like the last of the desert, breathing pestilence and death—the individual wanderers betook themselves to the caves and fastness of their rugged country. This was their situation chiefly from A. D. 1680 to the Revolution. The Laird spent his days in seclusion; but still he fearlesly attended the weekly assemblies in the fields, for the worship of Almighty God. What had he to fear?—his estate had been confiscated. His wife and babes stript by the life-hounds of the last remnant of earthly comfort which they could take away; and he himself doomed, as an outlaw, to

by the military assassins when taken; he became reckless of the world.

'I have lived.' said he in angush, 'to see a Prince twice, of his own choice, take the covenants to support religion, and the fundamental laws of the land. I have lived to see that Prince turn trator to his country, and, with unblushing impiety, order these covenants to be burned by the hands of the executioner. I have seen him subvert the liberty of my country, both civil and religous—I have seen him erect a bloody inquisition. The priests imposed on us by tyranny, instead of wooing us over by the loveliness of religion, have thrown off the bowels of mercy. They occupy seats in the bloody Council. Thy stimulate the cruelties of Lauderdale, M'Kenzie and York. Their hands are dipt in blood to the wrists. This Council will not permit us to live in peace. Our property they confiscate. Our houses they convert into barracks. They drag free men into chains. They bring no witnesses of our guilt.—They invent new tortures to convert us. They employ the thumb-screws and bootkins. If we are silent they condemn us. If we confess our christain creed, they doom us to the gibbit. Not only our sentence, but the manner of our execution, is fixed before our trial. Clavers is our jndge; his drgoons are our executioners; and these savages do still continue

to employ even the sagacity of blood hounds to hunt us down.—My soul turns away from these loathsome spectacles.'

At this moment his brother John entered with looks which betayed unusual anxiety.

"My brother," said he, 'a trooper advances at full speed, and he is followed by a dark column. We have not even time to fly.'—The mind of the Laird, like those of the rest of the wanderers, always brightened up at the approach of danger. 'Let us reconnoitre,' said he, 'what do I see, but one trooper. And that motley cloud is but a rabble—not a troop. That trooper is not of Clavers' band; nor does he belong to Douglas—nor to Inglis—nor to Strachan's dragoons. He waves a small flag. I can discover the scarlet and blue colour of the Covenanters' flag.—Ha! welcome you, John Howie of Lochgoin—But what news?—Lives our country?Lives the good old cause?'—'Glorious news,'exclaimed Howie, 'Scotland for ever! She is free. The tyrant James has abdicated. The Stuarts are banished by an indignant nation. Orange triumphs. Our wounds are binding up.—Huzza! Scotland, and King William, and the Covenant for ever!'

The Laird made no reply. He laid his steel cap on the ground, and threw himself on his knees; he uttered a brief prayer, of which this was the close: 'My bleeding country, and thy wailing kirk,

and my brethren in the furnace, have come in rememberance before thee. For ever lauded be thy name.'—'Hasten to the meeting at Lesmahagow. Our friends behind me, you see, have already set out,' said Howie. And he set off with enthusiastic ardour to spread the news.

'These news,' said the Laird, after a pause, while his eyes followed the curser over the plains of Aven—'These news are to me as life from the dead. I have a mind to meet my old friends at Lesmahagow. And then, when serious business is dispatched, we can take bothwell field on our return. It will yield me at least a melancholy pleasure to visit the spot where we fought. I trust, our last battle against the enemies of our country, and of the good old cause,'

Serious matters of church and state having been discussed at the public meeting, the brothers found themselves, on the fourth day, on the battle ground of Bothwell.

'On that moor,' said the Laird, after a long silence—and, without being conscious of it, had, by a kind of instinct, natural enough to a soldier, drawn his sword, and was pointing with it 'On that moor the enemy first formed under Monmouth. There, on the right, Clavers led on the life-gaurds, breathing fury, and resolute to wipe off the disgrace of the affair of Drumclog.

Dalzell formed his men on that knoll, Lord Livingstone led the van of the foemen.

We had taken care to have Bothwell Bridge strongly secured by a barricade, and our little battery of cannon was planted on that spot below us, in order to sweep the bridge. And we did rake it. The foemen's blood streamed there. Again and again the troops of the tyrant mached on, and our cannon annihilated their columns. Sir Robert Hamilton was our commander-in-Chief.— The gallant General Haekstone stood on that spot with his brave men. Along the river, and above the bridge, Burley's foot and Captain Nesbit's dragoons were stationed. For one hour we kept the enemy in check; they were defeated in every attempt to cross the Clyde. Livingstone sent another strong column to storm the bridge. I shall never forget the effect of one fire from our battery, where my men stood We saw the line of the foe advance in all the military glory of brave and beautiful men; the horses pranced—the armour gleamed. In one moment nothing was seen but a shocking mass of mortality. Human limbs, and the bodies and limbs of horses were mingled in one huge heap or blown to a great distance. Another column attempted to cross above the bridge Some threw themselves in to the current. One well-directed fire from Burley's

troops threwthem into disorder, and drove them back. Meantime, while we were thus warmly engaged. Hamilton was labouring to bring down the different divisions of our main body into action; but in vain he called on Colonel Cleland's troop—in vain he ordered Henderson's to fall in—in vain he called on Colonel Fleeming's. Hackstone flew from troop to troop—all was cofusion; in vain he besought, he entreated, he threatened. Onr disputes and fiery misguded zeal, my brother, contracted a deep and deadly guilt that day. The whig turned his arm in force hate that day against his own vitals. Onr Chaplains, Cargil, and King, and Kid, and Douglas, interposed again and again. Cargil mounted the pulpit; he preached concord; he called aloud for mutual forbearance. 'Behold the banners of the enemy, cried he; 'hear ye not the fire of the foe, and of your own brethren? Our brothers and fathers are falling beneath their sword. *H*asten to their aid. See the flag of the Covenant. See the motto in letters of gold—'Christ's Crown and the Covenant.' *H*ear the voice of your weeping country. *H*ear the wailings of the bleeding Kirk. Banish discord. And let us, as a band of brothers, present a bold front to the foemen.—Follow me all ye who love your country and the Covenant. I go to die in the fore-front of the battle.' All the min-

isters and officers followed him—amidst a flourish of trumpets—but the great body remained to listen to the harangues of the factious.—We sent again and again for ammunition. My men were at the last round. Treachery or a fatal error had sent a barrel of raisins instead of powder. My heart sunk within me while I beheld the dispair on the faces of my brave fellows, as I struck out the head of the vessel. *H*ackstone called his officers to him. We threw ourselves around him.—'What must be done?' said he in an agony of despair. 'Conquer or die;' we said, as if with one voice. 'we have our swords yet. Lead back the men to their places.—and let the ensign bear down the blue and scarlet colours. Our God and our country be the word.' *H*ackstone rushed forward

We ran to our respective corps—we cheered our men, but they were languid and dispirited. Their ammunition was nearly expended, and they seemed anxious to husband what remained. They fought only with their carabines. The cannons could no more be loaded. The enemy soon perceived this. We saw a troop of horse approach the bridge. It was that of the life-guards. I recognised the plume of Clavers. They approached in rapid march. A solid colum of infantry followed. I sent a request to Captain Nesbit to join his troops to mine. He was

in an instant with us—We charged the life-guards. Ous swords rung on their steel caps—Many of my brave lads fell on all sides of me. But we hewed down the foe. They began to reel—The whole colum was kept stationary on the bridge. Clavers' dreadful voice was heard—more like the yell of a savage, than the commanding voice of a soldier. He pushed forward his men, and again we hewed them down.—A third mass was pushed up. Our exhausted dragoons fled—Unsupported I found myself by the brave Nesbit, and Paton, and Hackstone. We looked for a moment's space in silence on each other. We galloped in front of our retreating men. We rallied them. We pointed to the General almost alone. We pointed to the white and to the scarlet colours floating near him. We cried, 'God and our Country.' They faced about. We charged Clavers once more.—'Torfoot,' cried Nisbit, 'I dare you to the fore-front of the battle.' We rushed up at full gallop.—Our men seeing this, followed also at full speed.—We broke down the enemy's line, bearing down those files which we encountered. We cut our way through their ranks. But they had now lengthened their front. Superior numbers drove us in.—They had gained entire posseseion of the bridge. Livingstone and Dalzell were actually taking us on the flank—A band had

got botween us and Burley's infantry.—My friends,' said Hackstone to his officers, 'we are last on the field. We can do no more—We must retreat.—Let us attempt, at least to bring aid to the deluded men behind us. They have brought ruin on themselves and on us. Not Monmouth, but our own divisions have scattered us.'

At this moment one of the life-guards aimed a blow at Hackstone. My sword received it—and a stroke from Nesbit laid the foeman's hand and sword in the dust. he fainted and tumbled from his saddle. We reined our horses and gallosed to our main body. But what a scene presented itself here! These misguided men had their eyes opened on their fatal errors. The enemy were now bringing up their whole force against them. I was not long a near spectator of it; for a ball grazed my courser. He plunged and reared—then shot off like an arrow. Several of our officers drew to the same place.—On a knoll we faced about—the battle raged below us. We beheld our commander doing every thing that a brave soldier could do with factious men against an overpowering foe. Burley and his troops were in close conflict with Clavers' dragoons. We saw him dismount three troopers with his own hand. He could not turn the tide of battle, but he was covering the retreat of these misguided men.—

Before we could rejoin him, a party threw themselves in our way. Kennoway, one of Clavers' officers, led them on. 'Would to God that this was Graham himself,' some of my comrades ejaculated aloud. 'He falls to my share,' said I, 'whoever the officer be.'—I advanced—he met me. I parried several thrusts. He received a cut on the left arm; and the sword by the same stroke, shore off one of his horses ears; it plunged and reared. We closed again, I received a stroke on the left shoulder. My blow fell on his sword arm.—he reined his horse around, retreated a few paces, then returned at full gallop.—My courser reared instinctively as his approached. I received his stroke on the back of my ferrara; and by a back stroke I gave him a deep cut on the cheek. And before he could recover a position of defence, my sword fell with a terrible blow on his steel cap. Stunned by the blow he bent himself forward—and grasping the mane, he tumbled from his saddle, and his steed galloped over the field, I did not repeat the blow. His left hand presented his sword, his right arm was disabled, his life was given to him. My companions having disposed of their antagonists, (and some of them had two a piece,) we paused to see the fate of the battle.—Dalzell and Livingstone were riding over the field, like furies, cutting down all in

their way. Monmouth was galloping from rank to rank, and calling on his men to give quarters. Clavers to wipe off the disgrace of Drumclog, was committing dreadful havoc. 'Can we not find Clavers,' said Halhead—'No' said Captain Paton, the gallant Colonel takes care to have a solid guard of his rogues about him. I have sought him all over the field, but I found him, as I now perceive him, with a mass of his guards about him. At this instant we saw our general at some distance, disentangling himself from the men who had tumbled over him in the *mele*.—His face, and hands, and clothes, were covered with gore. He had been dismounted, and was fighting on foot. We rushed to the spot, and cheered him.—Our party drove back the scattered band of Dalzell. 'My friends,' said Sir Robert, as we mounted him on a stray horse, 'the day is lost! But—you, Paton, you Brownlee of Torfoot, and you Halhead, let not that flag fall into the hands of these incarnate devils. We have lost the battle, but by the grace of God, neither Dalzell nor Clavers shall say that he took our colours. My ensign has done his duty. He is down, this word has saved it twice. I leave it to your care. You see its perelous siuation.' He pointed with his sword to the spot.—We collected some of our scattered troops, and flew to the place.—

the standard bearer was down, but he was still fearlessly grasping the flag staff, while he was borne upright by the mass of men who had thrown themselves in fierce contest around it. Its well known blue and scarlet colours, and its motto, 'CHRIST'S CROWN AND COAENANT,' in brilliant gold letters, inspired us with a sacred enthusiasm.—We gave a loud cheer to the wounded ensign, and rushed into the combat. The redemption of that flag cost the foe many a gallant man. They fell beneath our broad swords, and with horrible execrations dying on their lips, they gave up their souls to their Judge.

Here I met in front that ferocious dragoon of Clavers, named Tam Halliday, who had more than once, in his raids, plundered my halls, and had snatched the bread from my weeping babes. He had just seized the white staff of the flag.—But his tremendous oath of exultation, (we of the covenant never swear)—his oath had scarcely passed its polutted threshold, when this Andora Ferrara fell on the arm of his steel, and shivered it to pieces. Recreant loon?' said I, thou shalt this day remember thy evil deeds.' Another blow on his helmet laid him at his huge length, and made him bite the dust. In the *mele* that followed, I lost sight of him. We fought like lions, but with the hearts of Christians; while my

gallant companions stemmed the tide to battle, the standard rent to tatters fell across my breast. I tore it from the staff, and wrapt it round my body, we cut our way through the enemy, and carried our General off the field.

Having gained a small knoll, we beheld once more the dreadful spectacle below. Thick volumes of smoke and dust rolled in a lazy cloud over the dark bands mingled in deadly fray. It was no longer a battle, but a massacre. In the struggle of my feelings I turned my eyes on the General and Paton, I saw in the face of the latter, an indescribable conflict of passions. His long and shaggy eye-brows were drawn over his eyes. His hand grasped his sword. 'I cannot yet leave the field,' said the undaunted Paton—With the General's permission, I shall try to save some of our wretched men beset by those hell-hounds. Who will go?—At Kilsyth I saw service. When deserted by my troop, I cut my way through Montrose's men, and reached the spot where Colonels Halket and Strachan were. We left the field together. Fifteen dragoons attacked us, we cut down thirteen, and two fled: thirteen next assailed us, we left ten on the field, and three fled: eleven Highlanders next met us, we paused and cheered each other. 'Now Johnny,' cried Halket to me, 'put forth your

metal, else we are gone.' Nine others we sent alter their comrades, and two fled.—Now who will join this raid? 'I will be your leader,' said Sir Robert, as we fell into the ranks.

We marched on the enemy's flank.—Yonder is Clavers,' said Paton, while he directed his courser on him. The bloody man was at that time nearly alone, hacking to pieces some poor fellows already on their knees disarmed, and imploring him by the common feelings of humanity to spare their lives. He had just finished his usual oath against their feelings of humanity,' when Paton presented himself. He instantly let go his prey, and slunk back into the midst of his tsoopers. Having formed them he advanced—We formed, and made a furious onset. At our first charge his troop reeled. Clavers was dismounted—But at that moment Dalzell assailed us on the flank and rear—Our men men fell before us like grass before the mower. The bugleman sounded a retreat. Once more in the *mêle* I fell in with the General and Paton, we were covered with wounds. We directed our flight in the rear of our broken troops. By the direction of the General I had unfurled the standard. It was borne off the field flying at the sword's point. But that honor cost me much. I was assailed by three fierce dragoons; five followed close in the rear.

I called to Paton—in a moment he was by my side. I threw the standard to the General, and we rushed on the foe. They fell beneath our swords; but my faithful steed, which had carried me through all my dangers, was mortally wounded, he fell. I was thrown in amongst the fallen enemy. I fainted. I opened my eyes on misery. I found myself in the presence of Monmouth—a prisoner—with other wretched creatures, awaiting, in awful suspens, their ultimate destiny."***

W. C. B.

THE LIFE OF JOHN BALFOUR, *OF KINLOCK.*

JOHN BALFOUR of Kinlock, (sometime called Burly,) was a gentleman in the north of Fife. He joined with the more faithful part of our late sufferers, and altho' he was by some reckoned none of the most religious, yet he was always zealous and honest-hearted, couragious in every enterprise and a brave soldier, seldom any escaping that came in his hands. He was the principal actor in killing that arch-traitor to the Lord and his Christ, James Sharp. After which, his goods and

gear were inventored by the Sheriff. and he forfeited in life and fortune, a reward of 10,000 merks offered to any that could apprehend him. He was a commanding officer at Bothwell and Drumclog. At Drumclog he was the first who with his party, got over the ditch upon the enemy.

At Bothwell he was still among the more faithful part, and at the fight behaved with great gallantry. At the meeting at Loudonhill, dispersed May 5th, 1681, it is said, that he disarmed one of Duke Hamilton's men with his own hand taking a pair of fine pistols belonging to the Dukefrom his saddle, telling him to tell his master he would keep them till meeting, afterward when the duke asked his man, what he was like? he told him he was a little man, squint-eyed, and of a very fierce aspect, the duke said, he knew who it was, & withal prayed that he might never see his face, for if he should, he was sure he would not live long. After this he lurked mostly among his suffering brethren; and a little before the revolution went over to Holland, where he joined the prince of Orange, (afterwards king William,) and having still a desire to be avanged upon those who persecuted the Lord's cause and people in Scotland, it is said he obtained liberty from the prince for that pur--ose, but died at sea before their arrival in Scotland. Whereby that design was never accomplished, and so the land was

ever purged by the blood of them wo ad shed innocent blood, according to the aw of the Lord, Gen. IX. 6. *Whoso shed- leth man's blood, by man shall his blood e shed.*

THOMAS DALZIEL of Binns, a man na- ively fierce and rude, but more so from is being brought up in the Muscovy ser- ice, where he had seen little else than yranny and slavery: Nay, it is said, that e had there so learned the arts of devilish ophistry, that he sometimes beguiled the levil, or rather his master suffered him- elf to be outwitted by him. *H*owever he eloved to return and have a share of the ersecuting work; and after murdering a umber of the Lord's witnesses at Pent- and, he came west to Kilmarnock, where e committed many unheard of cruelties; nstance his putting a woman in the thieves ole there, in the Dean amongst toads and ther vemomous creatures, where her hrieks were heard at a distance, but none lurst help her, and all because a man ursued ran through her house; and shoot- ng one Findlay at a post without the least rime or shadow of law; with the many ruelties exercised upon the country after

Bothwell; for these and his uncleanness and contempt of marriage from his youth, drunkenness, atheistical and irreligious conversation, he was another of these excommunicated at Torwood. After which he waited sometime on the council at Edinburgh, to assist them in the persecuting work there, till the year 1685, that one William *Hannah* was brought before the council, and when pleading, he was too old to banish, Dalziel told him roughly, he was not too old to hang, he would hang well enough. This was among the last of his public maneuvres. For that same day August 22d, when at his beloved exercise, drinking wine, while the cup was at his head, he fell down (being in perfect health) and expired.—*Wodrow, Hind let loose, Naphtali,* &c.

JOHN, Earl (afterwards Duke) of Lauderdale, at first set up for a prime covenanter, and swore them more than once; and if I mistake not, was the same called lord Maitland, ruling elder from Scotland to Westminster assembly, and had a principal hand in the whole management during the second performing period; but falling in with Charles II. he soon de-

bauched him. After the restoration, he became a furious malignant, and being one whose nature and qualifications did exactly correspond with the king's he in every thing that pleased him, for which he heaped upon him titles, places of power, profit and preferment, all which died with himself: he was made secretary of state, president of the council, and commissioner to the parliament 1669, where he got that hell-hatched act of supremacy passed, which has plagued this church and nation ever since; at the instigation of Dr. Burnet, he set the indulgence on foot 1670; got the act against conventicles made, which occasioned so many hardships and bloodshed in this land: nay, such was his fury, that when they would not comply, he uncovered his arm to the elbow in council, and swore by Jehovah he would make the best of them submit. In a word, he was the prime instrument of all the cruelties exercised for a number of years, while he obtained the king's ear. Nor was this all; for he became notorious for a wicked profligate life and conversation; a thing common with apostates:—a sabbath-breaker, gaming on the Lord's day, a profane swearer and blasphemer, a jester on scripture and things religeous, one time saying to prelate Sharp, *Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool*: he perjured himself in Mr. Mitchel's case, promising in council

he should be indemnified to life and limb, and then swearing before the justiciary, that there was no such promise or act made. For those, with his other sins of adultery, conselling the king, and assisting him in all his tyrannies in overturning the work of reformation, and murdering those who adhered to these covenants that he himself had egaged in, he also was one of those excommunicated at Torwood, 1680. Towards the end of his life, he became such a remarkable Epicurean, that it was incredible the flesh, or juice of flesh he devoured in one day, eating and drinking being now his only exercise and delight; his scheme of managment had rendered him odious to the English patriots. Now his effeminate life made him unfit for business: so, about 1681, he was oblidged to resign his offices; after which, by old age and vast bulk of body, his spirits became quite sunk, till his heart was not the bigness of a walnut: and so at last upon the chamberox, (like another Arius) he evacuated soul, vital life, and excrements all at once; and so went to his own place.—*Burnet and Wodrow's Historys, and Walker's Remarks.*

A LANDLORD'S C

Robert Death, at the
Swell's Folly, Battersea Rise, c ng-
ston road, dealer in spirituous liquors,
wholesale and retail.

Oh! stop not here ye scottish wights,
For purl, nor ale nor gin,
For if you stop, whoe'er alights
By *Death* is taken in.

Where having eat and drank yonr fill,
Should ye (Oh! hapless case)
Neglect to pay your landlosd's bill,
Death stars you in the face!

With grief sincere I pity those
Who've drawn themselves this scrape in,
Since from this dreadful gripe heaven knows
Alas! there's no escaping!

This one advice my friends pursue,
Whilst yet ye've life and breath,
Ne'e pledge your hoste, for if you do,
You'll surely drink to *Death*.

...ul Irishn.
... Giles, it w
...t to make a gift of a
... that off-hand should
...try of his own com-
...e merry crew attempt-
... to gain the prize. At
wittiest among them thus
utest:
...s as I'm to make a po'm
Ex... ...e. if I just step home;
Two lines already!—be not cru'l,
Consider, honies, I'm a fool.
There's four lines! now I'll gain the fowls,
With which I soon shall fill my bow'ls.

FINIS.